

24
ELEGIES.

840. K 10
26

By THOMAS RUSSEL, M. D.

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsunt

Humani vultus.

Horace.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR;

And sold by J. DIXWELL in *St. Martin's Lane*; J. DODSLEY, in *Pall Mall*; J. WILLIAMS, N^o. 38, *Fleet Street*; S. BLADON, *Pater-noster Row*; C. MARSH, *Charing Cross*; T. CADEL, in *the Strand*; and W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church Yard*.

M.DCC.LXVII.

[Price one Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE GILBERTS

IN THREE VOLUMES

BY THOMAS RUSSELL, M.D.

17 volumes complete, in leather covers
12 vols. 12s. 6d.
4 13
292

LONDON

Printed for the



and sold by J. DIXON, to M. J. DODD, 10, Pall Mall.
J. W. LAMBERT, 1, St. James's Place.
J. C. PARKER, 1, Strand.
J. DODD, 10, Pall Mall.
J. W. LAMBERT, 1, St. James's Place.
J. C. PARKER, 1, Strand.
J. DODD, 10, Pall Mall.
J. W. LAMBERT, 1, St. James's Place.
J. C. PARKER, 1, Strand.

T H E
S T O R M,
A N
E L E G Y.

———*Venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perflant.
Intonuere Poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther :
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

VIRGIL.

HARK! what can mean the brawlings of yon brook,
And the old ocean's hoarse, incessant roars?
Why seeks the skies the sad-prefageful rook,
And there aloft on wings expanded soars?

Hear! how the monarch of that wavy wood,
Disrob'd with age, pours a prophetic groan!
And how yon darksome cave, by yonder flood,
From her deep cells sends many a hollow moan!

See how the gulls forsake the briny deep,
And drooping, croud the wave-beat, sandy shore ;
The tuneful lark descends the vaulted steep,
Cow'rs down, and fears on lofty wing to soar.

Lift ! how the ring-dove in yon forest plains,
And brushing winds among the thickets sigh ;
Look up ! and see, a cloudy darkness reigns,
Thro' the wide regions of the bending sky.

The moping owl, the bird of shady night,
Plies his sad song assiduous in his bow'r ;
The corm'rant leaves the deep with winged flight,
High-wheeling flies, and screams along the shore.

Phœbus, the potent prince of light's veil'd o'er,
With black'ning clouds, and checks his chearing ray ;
All heav'n and earth appear in great uproar,
And night sits brooding on the face of day !

Sure, when the low'ring skies are thus o'ercast,
 And all those solemn-sounding Genii wail,
 Some desolating storm, or ruffian blast,
 Shall soon burst forth, gay nature to assail ?

Yes !—hark ! what means that thund'ring from afar,
 'Tis grizzly Boreas of the frigid north,
 With herald-voice proclaims th' approaching war,
 And charges all his pow'rs to issue forth.

A host impetuous pours, with wild career,
 Forth from the regions of the northern sky !
 While great king Æolus, blustering in the rear,
 In a loud whirlwind furious rides on high !

Of light'ning, thunder, hail commix'd with rain,
 And boistrous winds, consists that hideous band ;
 These, arm'd for conflict, sweep the ærial plain,
 And hurle destruction where they have command.

The God of storms commands the winds to make
The first assault ; they listen and obey ;
With dreadful gust they brush the tufty brake,
And through some nodding forest tear their way !

Up by their roots the rigid oaks are torn,
And from the top of rocky mountains blown !
Many a fragment o'er the plain is borne,
And in disorder'd heaps together thrown !

Thus, to the bottom of the rocks they shade,
Low stoop the sturdy, venerable oaks :
Nor can the mountain's other sons evade
The loosen'd tempest's huge, tremendous shocks.

Oft, in the darkling thicket of some wood,
Where the rude storm vast devastation sows,
The parent rooks rear their defenceless brood,
With care, in nests form'd on the clust'ring boughs.

Here, when th' unfetter'd, savage tempest plays
 Dire havock wide, around, with lawless sway,
 These airy holds, shook to their rocking base,
 Are with their plummy people swept away !

Corse upon corse in wild confusion lies !
 Torn entrails and mangl'd limbs the ground o'erspread,
 While struggling in the wind, the parent flies,
 Wailing the loss of her untimely dead !

Nor 'scape our gilded domes, nor lofty tow'rs,
 Nor spiry turrets climbing to the sky ;
 A stony show'r down in a moment pours,
 And painted roofs come tumbling from on high !

Their tarnish'd honours scatter'd lie around !
 Perhaps their tenants bury'd underneath ?
 Some piece-meal torn, and some half-dead are found,
 And others bruise'd and pounded into death !

Nor less at sea the tearing tempest raves ;

Turn'd from its base the green discolour'd deep,

With force æthereal, to white foamy waves,

High-bouncing, dashes 'gainst the cloudy steep.

While thus the tempest stirs the watry plain,

And heaves huge mountain-billows towards heav'n,

Whole navies from their anchors rush amain,

And scatt'ring, o'er the howling waste are driv'n.

Some dart on a far distant, foreign coast,

Some, lost their way, with violence run a-ground ;

Others against insidious rocks are tost,

And in loose fragments floating thrown around !

The echoing skies the drowning sailors rend,

In fearful shrieks, with dying groans combin'd ;

Some, muttering their pray'rs, th' abyfs descend,

Leaving above their fleeting ghosts behind !

Some to the shore on broken planks are borne;

Some seek the secret chambers of the sea!

While others from the cracking shrouds are torn,

Or by some rolling billow wash'd away!

Oh! horrid sight!--pale corsees of the dead,

Torn sails and sailyards, fractur'd masts and beams

Of rigid oak, and precious goods, o'erspread

The ruffled surface of the briny streams!

Pure, fiery floods come pouring from on high,

And, in a flash, a transient light renew;

Loud peals of thunder, rolling through the sky,

The broken force of Boreas pursue.

When thus the skies the roaring thunder shakes,

And the wide-streaming lightning flies by turns,

On some rich-laden bark, remaining, breaks

A thunder-bolt, and all its treasures burns

The crew, while the wide-spreading flames arise,
With horror are struck dumb, and stand aghast ;
Their courage sickens fast, and in them dies,
To call to mind their wicked actions past.

Some, the high-curling, wafting flames to flake,
Haul buckets full of water from beneath ;
Others in the wide-yawning ocean make
Their graves, t'escape a more tormenting death !

Some, to preserve themselves, while fell despair
And grizzly death, in various shapes appear,
With a precipitated flight repair
Into their boats, and try to land to steer.

But ah ! they seek the wish'd-for shore in vain ;
Surge upon surge flies thund'ring o'er their head,
O'erturns their boats, or dashes them in twain,
And rolls themselves among th' untimely dead !

What is it that can brave th' united sway
 Of roaring winds, and deep-fermenting main,
 When the stout, warlike vessel must give way,
 And show obedience to their boundless reign?

The bellowing thunder lords, with wild uproar,
 Not solely in th' extended sea, and sky;
 But the wide tracts of land, from shore to shore,
 Beneath his cruel tyrant-empire lie.

The rustling woods, as by th' exerted gulf
 Of rebel winds, are stript of their attire;
 The flinty rocks are rent, the mountains burst,
 And the wild, moorish heaths are set on fire.

While o'er the heath the flames devouring spread,
 The shepherd-swain stands wond'ring from afar;
 Or climbs some high-aspiring mountain's head,
 And views the ravage of the fiery war!

Still blown by winds the fry flood rolls on,
 And braky plains sweeps by its burning tide ;
 Till from on high the clouds, o'ercharg'd, pour down
 Their liquid stores, to check its swelling pride.

Gay palaces, and lofty tow'rs that rise,
 In pomp superb, their haughty heads shall bow ;
 And gilded theatres that invade the skies,
 Shall lie low level with the plain below.

Soon as the streaming lightnings cease to fly,
 And the hoarse thunder to renew the shock,
 The dizzy clouds, low-hov'ring in the sky,
 Full-pent, their watry magazines unlock.

Flood upon flood pours thro' the cleaving skies !—
 The browsing herd lets drop their wholesome food ;
 And fast beneath the shade contiguous hies,
 Or seeks the thicket of some shelt'ring wood.

The rous'd up river, with resistless force,
 Dreadful along its pebbly bottom roars ;
 Till rous'd anew, it leaves its native course,
 And burst the barriers of its sandy shores !

A deluge, pouring o'er th' adjacent plains,
 Unroots the forest oaks, and bears away
 Flocks, herds, and folds, and rural peasant's gains,
 In ruin mix'd, an undistinguish'd prey!

Thus dreadful raves the storm by sea and land,
 'Till Nature's parent, who dwells every where,
 An universal quiet shall command ;
 Then straight are hush'd both earth and sea, and air.

STREPHON.

A N

E L E G Y.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque tures.* Horace.

STRIKE! strike! *Melpomene*, the tragic lyre,
If thou would'st tribute to pale sorrow pay;

Let all thy vocal sisters too conspire,

With thee, to raise this sadly-sounding lay.

One ev'ning, ere the black-ey'd, dusky night,

Had in her mantle wrapt yon crystal dome;

Or ere, from *Phæbe's* orb, a beam of light

Came streaming down, to guide the wood-man home.

Towards the bosom of a cloud-tipt-hill,
 I chanc'd to shape my solitary way,
 In thoughtful mood, by which wide-maz'd a rill,
 And pour'd its tide into the roaring sea.

Around this hill, whose top with rugged rocks
 Is crown'd, the goats salacious scann'd their way,
 And bounding stag ; also the fleecy flocks
 Wide-brou's'd, and cropp'd the fav'ry thyme away.

Along the verge of this sweet-tinkling stream,
 The holy oaks wide-breathe their odors round ;
 Where nimble fawns, and wanton Graces dream,
 And rural nymphs enchant the sylvan ground,

I had not walk'd half o'er this sacred ground.

'Till I espy'd a spreading tree afar,
 From which a solemn, melancholy sound
 Came quiv'ring thro' the undulating air !

Struck with the sound, a chilly horror flew
From nerve to nerve, and damm'd the shallow springs
Of narrow life ! a damp and gelid dew
O'erspread my limbs, and loos'd their slender strings.

I, freed, at length, from this unmanly pain ;
Hearken'd, and wonder'd what the sound could be ;
I cast mine eye athwart the nether plain,
And spy'd a maid beneath a mantling tree.

I then approach'd the place that I might hear,
What this dejected virgin had to say ;
She, drown'd in tears, into my list'ning ear
Teem'd from her bosom this dirge-founding lay.

“ Ah ! cruel Fate, why hast thou snapt the thread
Of my Love's life, and borne him quick away
Upon thy fable wing, and, with the dead,
Hast shrouded him in a cold sheet of clay ?

Thou led him safely through the flow'ry vale,
 Of youth, and bless'd him with thy lib'ral hand;
 But soon! too soon! alas! thou furl'd the sail
 Of life's weak bark, and set him on the strand!

Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow,
 In a full tide, for my departed dear?—
 Tho' heav'n decrees what's best for us below,
 Yet still I must grim melancholy wear!

Tho' all the feather'd songsters of yon grove,
 Were loud to raise their descant in one quire;
 Yet they could never chace *Strephon*, my Love!
 From my rememb'rance, nor make grief retire!

While on the shelvy sea of time I glide,
 To some lone cell, where silence loves to dwell,
 Permit me to retreat, and there abide,
 To mourn my love, and bid the world farewell!

Ah! *Strephon*, when the morn look'd o'er the hill,
 And dusky eve bedew'd the misty vale,
 Oft have we laid us by that dimply rill,
 In careless plight, and breath'd the coolly gale.

When flaming *Phæbus* shot a sickly ray,
 Thro' yon extended, flow'ry-coated plain,
 We, often took our solitary way,
 Link'd hand in hand, and tun'd our am'rous strain.

On yonder verdant mountain's haughty brow,
 Which all around commands a prospect wide,
 Oft have we laid us down, and ey'd, below,
 The roaring ocean roll her angry tide.

Oft underneath this verdant-mantled oak,
 That mocks the fiery-flaming noontide ray,
 We've wond'ring ey'd, on yonder pendent rock,
 The wild goats climb their rough, unbeaten way,

In yonder lonely, dark-imbow'ring grove,
Where solitude sits musing all alone,
Oft have we listen'd to the cooing dove,
While from her throatlet gush'd the dying moan,

When *Phæbus*' lengthening beams had dy'd away,
And *Cynthia* lent to all her lamp of light,
Oft have we hark'd the soft, enraptur'd lay
Of *Philomel*, sweet songstrefs of the night!

Where are these downy-pinion'd moments fled?
Did not pale, hollow grief pronounce their doom?
Ah! yes; they with my dying *Strephon* bled!
And now lie with him in the dreary tomb!

Return! ye laughing, rosy-featur'd hours;
Return again! thy pity to me show;
Return! and, in my bosom plant the flow'rs
Of joy, and pluck the prickly thorns of wo!

Vain is my call!—I dream of pleasures rare!

I must to tyrant grief e'er prove a slave!

Unless to cheat death's watch my *Strephon* were,

And burst the barriers of the silent grave!

Then all my hours with pleasure would be crown'd,

And pale-ey'd sorrow chang'd to lasting joy!

Then fearful dreams my sleep should never wound,

But thoughts serene my raptur'd soul employ!

That cannot be!—aw'd by death's fable arm,

In mould'ring dust unnotic'd he must lie,

'Till the last trump shall sound the dread alarm,

Loud like the rattling thunder in the sky!

As falls the grain before the reaping band,

When wavy harvest gilds the teeming plains;

So fell my *Strephon* by death's cruel hand,

And not a vestige of him now remains!

As droops the pale-hued lily of the plain,
When blasting winds it with their fury chide;
So droop'd my soul, when death, with his fell train,
Ne'er satiate, did my Love from me divide!

O! let me haste, from these enchanted bow'rs,
To yonder church, where I will overstrew
His recent grave, with sweet-perfuming flow'rs,
And with my tears their vivid tints bedew!"

F

E L E G Y.

Dr. R O U N G,

Author of the *Night-Thoughts*.

HAKK ! what can mean that heart-transfixing groan ?
Some meek-ey'd faint, the friend of virtue, dies !

The loosen'd soul now soars thro' tracts unknown,
Leaves this dull earth, and seeks her native skies.

'Tis *Young* ! seraphic bard, who bids adieu
His weeping friends, and wings his happy flight,
From earth's low scenes ; he's dead to live anew,
In the pure regions of eternal light.

See, like the rapid lightning of the sky,
Him darting thro' yon wide ethereal space !
Ye hymning-sweet inhabitants on high,
Hail the meek stranger to his native place.

Here let the sons of minstrelsy repair,
In some deep-mourning sable garb array'd ;
To yonder church let them his relicks bear,
And in the silent tomb behold them laid.

No more our bard, with energy divine,
Each pious mind with transport shall inspire !
Nor in this dreary, nether region deign,
To wake to ecstasy the living lyre !

No more with bold, enthusiastic notes,
He shall awake the restless sons of care,
As down the stream th' ethereal music floats ;
Nor bid those drunk with pleasure lend an ear !

He shall no more reprove the witless beau,
In satire keen, with all his tinsel'd race ;
Nor teach, in elegy, the tear to flow,
Nor the foul haunts of the voluptuous trace !

Tho' in the cold-clay grave our bard shall rest,
"Till the last trump the dread alarum give,
Still shall his golden page emblaze each breast,
And, flourishing, to unseen ages live.

His page, to generations yet unknown,
The slumb'ring conscience of the bad shall wake ;
Shall bid each rise to glory, and renown,
And thro' the road of fame their journey take.

To those, who climb the slipp'ry steep of youth,
It shall some wholesome counsel sure convey ;
Shall bid them cherish in their breasts fair truth,
And to the source of bliss mark out the way.

This truth it shall impress on ev'ry mind,
That all is empty vanity below ;
That ev'ry joy, unto this world confin'd,
Contains a portion of the cup of wo !

That fortune wears a smiling face to-day,
And to her fav'rite promises fair things;
To-morrow, leaves him to fell want a prey,
And bears herself upon her flatt'ring wings!

His page shall bid each worlding fix his eyes,
Not on the dazzling treasures of the earth;
But on that place above the starry skies,
Where dwells that Being who first to him gave birth.

Our heav'n-rapt bard his cumb'rous piece of clay
Was forc'd to quit too soon, by heav'n's command,
Nor death would here vouchsafe to let him stay,
But bade him travel to his native land!

To yonder peaceful paradise above,
He's fled, where he'll not hold his tuneful voice,
But join with angels in the songs of love,
And to eternity with them rejoice!

There, thorny evil, and perplexing fear;
The foes of peace, our bard shall ne'er annoy;
But heav'nly bliss, of all disquiet clear,
He thro' eternal ages shall enjoy.

His eye-lids, there, shall seek no soft repose,
Nor fearful dreams his mind serene infest;
Angels to him heav'n's wonders shall disclose,
And ev'ry faint combine to make him blest.

There, downy rest he shall not long to take,
Nor violate his peace with busy cares;
There, none shall e'er solicit him to wake
The voice of melody to vulgar airs.

Well might some say, who were to him allied;
"Freed from thy bonds, on heav'nly wings you soar,
O *Young*! kind heav'n to thee life but denied,
To render thee more happy than before.

Could I lay ope the windows of the skies,
And in the book of life observe my name;
This useless life to lead I would despise,
But send it to the place from whence it came!

I would my wealth and titles now lay down,
And of my friends would take the last farewell,
If I were sure to gain th' immortal crown,
And with my God and thee for ever dwell.

But why should I such discontentment show,
And of the change of rig'rous fate complain?
Kind heav'ns on ev'ry creature life bestow,
And, when they please, demand it back again.

Hence let me wait with patience 'till that day,
When death to me from heav'n shall summons bring;
Such summons then I'll chearfully obey,
And soar, like *Young*, on a triumphant wing!

No gushing tears mine eyes would then o'erflow,

Nor sudden horrors in my bosom rise ;

But joy ecstatic in this breast would glow ;

And burn, while dying nature shuts her eyes!

How oft, in yonder sweetly-silent bow'r,

That bids defiance to the noon-tide ray,

With him I've wasted many a golden hour,

And wonder'd how they fled so swift away!

There while we sat beneath the greenwood shade,

Always of heav'n his conversation breath'd!

Each word he spoke some sound advice convey'd,

And heav'nly knowledge to my soul bequeath'd!

Where are those laughing moments now retir'd?

Did death bid them with *Young* also obey?

Too sure—alas! with him they have expir'd,

And what they gave, from me have stole away!

Why should I call those happy days to mind ?
To think of them, 'twere mis'ry to endure ! —

Vain is that man, who thinks that he can find
An harbour, here, from danger quite secure !

Hence, let me ne'er th' enacts of heav'n controul,
But bear with patience ev'ry scourge of wo,
And fickle fate, 'till my immortal soul,
Be separate from her earthy dregs below !

Drest in the mourning, sable robe of wo,
I'll go, and see the last obsequies paid ! —
Let the fond-gushing tear that ground o'erflow,
Where the pure relicks of my *Young* are laid !"

P H Y L L I S.

A
L O V E - E L E G Y.

Nil nostri misereri; mori me denique coges. Virgil.

N I G H yonder lonely, moss-befringed cave,
A Dryad taught her native tree to grow ;
Fast by a Naiad bade her streamlet lave,
And drench the verdure of the vale below.

Through this sequester'd, flow'r-bespangled dale,
The sacred stream a mazy channel wore ;
The whisp'ring sedges, and the willow pale,
Wav'd wantonly along its verdant shore.

Of ragged flints and shells this cave was made,
Green sward and mossy turf were laid between ;
The honey-suckle round about it stray'd,
Creep'd thro' and thro', and deck'd the wall within.

This tree, the Dryad's seat, was overlaid,
With dusky moss ; the wanton ivy clung
Around its trunk, whose arms contriv'd a shade,
And carelessly quite o'er the cave they hung.

Thither beneath this old, fantastic oak,
A love-lorn youth oft pensive did repair ;
Oft from his throbbing breast he silence broke,
And pour'd his tale in melancholy air.

This was the purport of his plaintive tale,
“ Ah ! *Phyllis*, sweeter than the breath of *May* !
Sweeter than all the flow'rets of yon dale,
When *Phæbus* pours on them his gleamy ray !

More fragrant than the sweet-brier on yon hill,
Or honey-suckle round this solemn tree ;
Or all the violets nigh yon babbling rill,
Or infant-rose, her balmy breath's to me !

Her voice exceeds that of sweet *Philomel*;

Her words surpass the gaudy flow'rs of art;

On her round cheek the virgin graces dwell——

Ah! how shall I from her for ever part?——

Why so? when she, with saucy-wreath'd disdain,

And spiteful air, has turn'd her hate on me?

Why should I so, altho' forlorn complain?

Why should I wail beneath this sacred tree?

For charming *Phyllis* shall I then ne'er weep?

Nor down my cheek let fall the moist'ning tear?

For her shall I ne'er loose night's balmy sleep?

Nor on my brows grim melancholy wear?

What?—surely, Nature, often weak, and blind,

Upon herself with double force recoils;

The poignant anguish of my tortur'd mind

She bids me vent, which all my vitals spoils!

Ah ! what avails that rill which gently laves,
And sweetly murmurs thro' yon oozy mead;
Along whose banks the silver willow waves,
In soft conjunction, with the rustling reed?

What can avail this sweetly-silent bow'r,
Which shields me from the scorching, noontide ray;
That pathless mead bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
Or yonder bank, where wanton lambkins play?

Robb'd of my Love! can these vain toys give ease?
Or stem the torrent of my present pain?
Can these restore the downy hours of peace?
Or bring my Love back to my arms again?

Ah ! no—as cowslips of the dappl'd mead,
Or daises of the variegated plain,
Fast droop, when brush'd down by the village steed,
Or hasty feet of some young heedless swain:

So droops my love-pierc'd soul, dear charming maid!

Alas! for ever, ever from thee torn!—

Why has not *Atropos* upon me laid

Her with'ring hand?—to love why was I born?

Why could not *Lachesis* have stopp'd the wheel

Of life, ere I had scann'd the steep of youth?

Or *Venus* bid my bosom love ne'er feel,

'Till I had woo'd chaste science and fair truth?

Oft has dear *Phyllis* in this sylvan grove,

Whose virgin eyes reflect internal joy,

For hapless me, forsaken, breath'd her love;

But now, ah! now, such blandishments her cloy!

Oft have we underneath this solemn shade,

Together toy'd the laughing hours away,

In love; and, on that streamlet's verge have stray'd,

Devoid of care, where dimply eddies play.

Of have we hark'd sweet *Philomela's* lay,

Before gay morn peep'd o'er the dusky hills ;

And the gray thrush on yonder verdant spray,

That sweetly swells her accents as she trills.

How often have we tun'd love's soothing lays,

With those wing'd, dulcet, messengers of morn,

Beneath this oak, which screens us from the rays

Of *Phæbus*, swiftly in his chariot borne.

Cease ! cease ! to warble in mine ear, I say,

Ye hymning-sweet inhabitants of air ;

It is not ye, who, by your artless lay,

Can blunt my pain, or drown my anxious care !

What soft'ning balsam shall I use, to ease

My love-sick heart, and lenify the pain ?——

I'll in some wing'd bark sweep the azure seas,

Or loudly thunder in the martial plain !

Or in yon lone, sequester'd moss-grown cell,
 Once a grave, solitary hermit's home,
 In soothing solitude I'll ever dwell;
 Or, as a pilgrim, throughout the world roam.

Ah! no,—alas! these ne'er can ease my smart,
 For stubborn love, with ruthless-wreath'd disdain,
 Proclaims aloud, that she'll from me ne'er part,
 Nor quit me in yon cave, nor martial plain!

F I N I S.

